

KENNELLEY HAS JOSE HARRIERS



Hash 159 - TheDuke, Hilmarton, 22nd February 2004

The Duke Hotel, opened 1843, was named after the Duke of Beaufort who apparently was reluctant to associate his name with a pub, insisting instead, that it should be called simply The Duke Hotel. This was not due to it being an Arkell's pub, as the establishment brewed its own beer at the time. Should this mag ever fall into the hands a top Arkells executive we, the KVHHH, are currently without sponsors and would happily endorse your fine range of alcoholic beverages in exchange for free beer. Except Keith, of course, who said it tastes of ****.*

As I drove to the venue I mused 'Hilmarton..... I wonder if it's on a hill? It was.'

Just the one hare Ray, who gathered everyone around to demonstrate how to draw invisible trail signs with chalk. He then pointed in a southerly direction and we, the runners, Mike, Margaret and myself (Brian), dutifully scampered off like frisky young spaniels eager for the forthcoming delights the trail would offer. It offered after a mere thirty yards a choice, left, right or straight on. I chose, as though someone had thrown a stick for me to chase, straight on....Pity as the walkers turned left and left the runners chasing after them. We know our place; it's at the front snuffling for flour truffles.

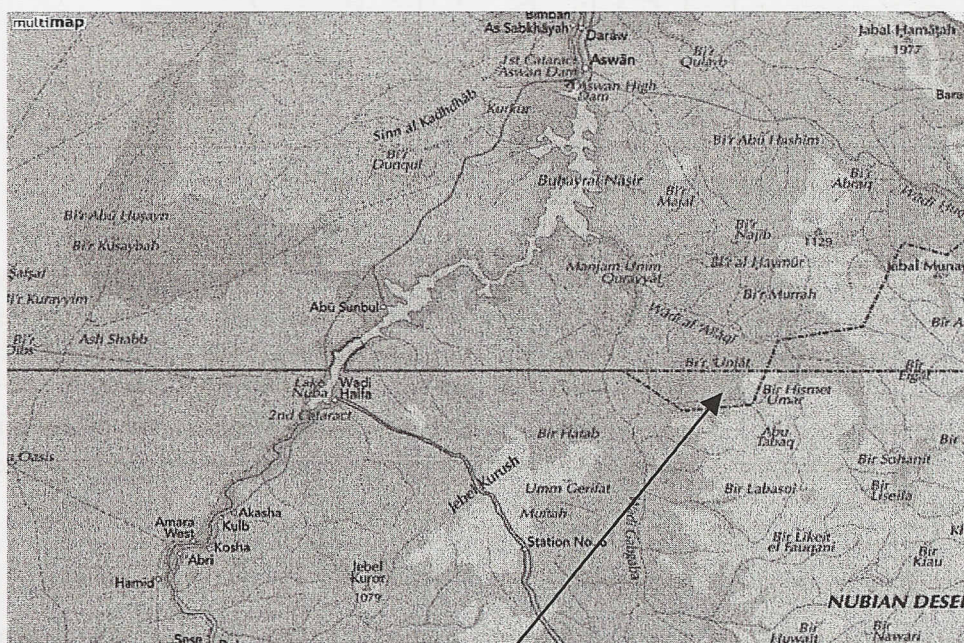
What a quaint village Hilmarton is. The walkers must be delighting in this part of olde England. Hang on; who are those gaily clad folk a quarter of a mile ahead of us ambling through the field. Five minutes later we're overtaking the walkers yet again. This time we discover that Keith and Katrina have joined their merry throng of strolling perambulators.

Finally we are leading the pack and cross the A3102 into open unknown territory. For the next half an hour or so we enjoy open fields and stunning views. Only the odd twinge of paranoia that the walkers may suddenly appear in front us once again. Mainly joyous for myself as I had the horn (the first time ever) and am able to honk away to my hearts content. We meet a road, pass two isolated houses, I honk the horn like Noddy in his little yellow car only to hear someone shout "Is that you Frank?" Decide not to respond.

Mike follows false trail with three dots before back-track sign. Up a lane to a farm to be greeted by four yelping dogs. The one with legs four inches long (that's four legs each one inch long) decides to come with us but gets bored with the slow pace. Long strides necessary down through Manure Heap Lane. We spy the church tower opposite the Duke so only the final run uphill and we're back.

All in all a very enjoyable run over countryside I've never seen before. Keith buys me a pint of Arkells and fruit juices for Katrina and himself. Margaret thanks Ray the hare for a splendid run, we applaud. I award the horn to myself.

Such modesty - and so much to be modest about! Many thanks to Brian, our roving reporter this week [Ed]



Great Bedouin

Fifth Coming Hash Runs

160 - 7th March - The Plough, Eastbury - Jeremy

161 - 21st March - The Cross Keys, Great Bedwyn - Mike

162 - 4th April - The Seven Tuns, Chedworth - GOM & Dave

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Bugger's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com>

WE NEED MORE DATES IN OUR DIARY!

So bloody well volunteer!